

A  
POETICAL DISCOURSE

on

SCIENCES

AS COMING FROM THE PEACE;

particularly on

DIVINITY,

AS THE ONLY TRUE BASIS OF ALL OTHER

KNOWLEDGE

pronounced for the

CELEBRATING of the ANNIVERSARY

of

HIS MAJESTY'S NAME

on the 18<sup>th</sup> of July 1765.

in

The Royal Military Upper-School at

Charlescrown

by

JOHN BERGESTRÖM

Left. Lit. Angl. Ling. Lat. & Geograph.

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Printed at Charlescrown in Sweden

1766.

NORTON DISCOURSE

ON THE

OF THE PEACE

OF THE

OF THE

AS THE ONLY TRUE NAME OF ALL OTHER



Imprimatur

C. G. Bergström

HIS MAJESTY'S NAME

on the 18th of July 1763

The Royal Library Upper School at

Charlottenburg

by

JOHN BERGSTRÖM

at the Angel in the Street

Printed at Copenhagen in Sweden



A POETICAL DISCOURSE ON  
SCIENCES.

WHAT art Thou *Peace*, by ev'ry thing  
admir'd,  
By Gods possessed and still by men desir'd?  
Dear Heavenly Bliss, in Heav'n dost thou reside,  
And as God's Attribute Th'art Deify'd.  
Rebellious Powers no more could shake Thee  
there,  
Than haughty Mortals make Thee banish'd here.  
On Earth, what Happiness dost Thou not pour?  
Mankind with Thee truly can wish no more.  
As Statesmen take in Thee their greatest Pride,  
As Merchants chuse Thee For their Surest Guide,  
As Peasants title Thee their dearest Friend,  
As ev'ry Crafts-man's working with Thy  
Hand,  
In Thy shade, I sing of peaceful Arts,

4 a Poetical Discourse

Which have from Thee their Birth, their strength,  
their parts.

Thou art, methinks, that pregnant Heav'nly  
king,

Out of whose Head all Sciences did spring;  
Great is thy Value, Peace; yet greater still  
That of a Monarch, in Whose gen'rous Will,  
Thy Off-Spring and Thy self are nobly prais'd,  
And by Whose power You're in this Country  
rais'd

Great FREDRICH, 'tis of THY great Soul I speak,  
Whence Arts and Peace do their Protection take;  
And at this hour Thy ever Sacred Name  
Shall prove the Object of our tenderest Flame,  
Thy Name, whose ev'ry Syllable is most kind,  
And takes up ev'ry Blessing of our mind, (\*)  
Thy Name, fill'd as Thy soul, with Sweet  
release  
Now makes me sing of Sciences and Peace.

When  
(\*) *Fredrich*, in the Swedish Tongue signifies  
rich in Peace.





WHEN Clouds and dusky Humours from  
below

Do not obscure Heav'n's gay and peaceful Brow,

When happy *Sol* at liberty displays

Its prolific, and all-creating Rays;

How does it deepen the whole world in Bliss?

Then, Nature smiles and will her thanks express;

So, the great king, that does our Nation Sway,

All vantages his wish and Cares obey,

Where His free soul uninterrupted moves,

He blesses, Earth enjoys, and Heav'n approves.

All knowledge grows around his Royal wand,

As Flowers at summer-sunshine blooming stand;

As Reason only shews its glorious Parts,

Wher Solid Calm is spread about the Hearts.

Thus our great MONARCH has Obedience

due,

Not only From our will, but Genius too:

Beneath His Scepter brood all humane Minds;

And ev'ry Science its Creation Finds.

Reason's rude Chaos, in our frosty Climes  
 Has doſt its Darkneſs at theſe happier Times,  
 In forms and ſhapes are Arts and wiſdom run,  
 Next to perfection, tho' ſo late begun;  
 And Sweden ſoon would be what Rome has been,  
 Could but our ſoil give Bays more Freſh and  
 green.

For in a ſtate, where Poverty does reign,  
 Are Sciences and knowledge ſeldom ſeen.

A ſick-man thinks on Med'cine but and death;  
 This fills his Mind, this mingles with his breath,  
 He reads no Books, but Poſtils and Receipts;  
 For nought is good, but what our paſſion  
 hits.

Thus, a poor Land, ſpoil'd of its civil health,  
 Material power, its needful ſtore of wealth,  
 What Deſire will it have but that to cure  
 That ſore diſtemper, which it does indure?  
 Its wiſh, its cares are but for earning bread:  
 Theſe have no time to write, thoſe none to read,

The keenest relish is for Money there;  
 And a vice more than honour does appear.  
 One Rewards only can to such impart,  
 As least do think, but deepest plow the Earth.  
 And, Faith! if through less wisdom than caprice,  
 For Author any in that world would rise,  
 His laurels but in tattered clothes consist,  
 He's call'd a Fool; and beggar'd will desist.

Tho' poor our country and by vice undone,  
 Yet on its ruins Learning finds renown;  
 As on a sea, when calm does smother the plain,  
 Tho' wreck'd, yet rise we on th' appeased main.  
 Or as the British Monarchs once could heal,  
 By touching such as did strange evils feel;  
 Thus civil sickness vanishes away,  
 And Nature blossoms ev'n in its decay,  
 By the dear influence of our peaceful king,  
 Out of whose heart our health and welfare spring.  
 Can Honest men be discourag'd by fate?  
 Can faucy fortune their soul's power abate?

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Can their true knowledge lack the least reward;  
 When th'are protected by this sacred Loyn?  
 Go, look into the bosom of this state;  
 Look, if wit be afraid by ravenous hate.  
 As heav'n's immortal Ministers attend  
 Most those, who like them least and most offend,  
 So reason here, me thinks, will grow in spite;  
 The more 'tis darkned, yet the more 'tis bright.  
 At that wild time, when all our wishes were  
 But for inroaching and th' effects of war,  
 When bloody prowess choked ev'ry part,  
 Where wit and kindness enter humane heart.  
 When the souls thirst was quench'd by millions  
 Then rudeness fill'd our breast, ignorance our Brain.  
 Then wealth was squander'd for the souldier's pay;  
 And Sciences quite unprotected lay.  
 Clappings of swords then only pleas'd the Ear;  
 And if Bards sung, their songs but showings  
 Can fortune their souls power shew.

Now



Now fly such horrid monsters from my sight;  
 My matter's clean, and the stage must be bright.  
 Heav'n did secure my thoughts from dreadful  
 things,

By blessing us with the most kind of kings.

Ay, through Majestick influence, care, and  
 mind

Of our dear Royal Family, we find

Sweet peace procur'd, the gen'ral soul refin'd.

Here true *Divinity*, still divinely bright,

Is what the ought: on earth heav'n's sacred light.

There *Philosophy* shines modestly,

Purg'd from the dregs of ancient pedantry.

Here Nature lies thro' *Nature's knowledge* bare,

And in her realms we knowing Masters are:

Plants, mountains, waters, animals of all  
 kinds

Are quite dissolv'd, and conquer'd by our minds.

The story, nature, life, and use we know

Of native products, and of foreign too.

to a Poetical Discourse

There *Poetry* seems on her courser loar,  
And all is mov'd by her all-moving power;  
Just as when Jupiter does his thunder throw  
And lightning strike, pierce, melt the world  
below.

Here azur'd heav'n by *mathematick* theams  
Is nearer drawn and all enchanted seems.

Now Swedish sense can thro' heav'n's Region's  
roam,

Thence, to tell News, in our own Tongue, at  
home.

There *Navigation* shews her Cautious eyes;  
Yet not afraid, where howling billows rise.

She from our coasts can floating castles steer,  
To make the world's most distant Quarters fear.

Tho' by our peaceful LORD these Arts do  
grow;

Yet all would from a spring most impure flow;  
If not *Divinity* did in his mind

The greatest Room and deepest Estem find;

And

And sure, this knowledge, in his pious heart,  
Takes up the keenest and most tender Part,  
Proving that Monarch wisely but command,  
Who is Divinity's respectful friend.

Thus search we ignorance vainly to avoid,  
And all our knowledge is but stupid pride;  
If not on Heav'n it only be directed,  
And by heavns Doctrine from dire faults protected.  
What bliss our heart from virtue does receive,  
*Divinity* does to our genius give.

Let this imperious *Doctrine* rule the breast,  
And by it reason divinely be exprest.

'Tis only by its prudent Application,  
We may be good in ev'ry various station.

Without it knowledge always dangerous is  
And ev'ry learning is but learn'd amiss.

Without it wit's pernicious and most vain,

'Tis but heart's Malice distill'd thro' the brain,

Nay, ev'ry Science, without this, is nought,

And always at th' Expence of virtue sought.

A *Philosopher* in his haughty mind,  
 Without this Eye, is voluntarily blind,  
 Without this glorious and most perfect light,  
 He walks in darkness knowing nought aright.  
 His midnight oil is spent but for his curse;  
 He studies, writes and reads but to be worse.  
 His daring soul, fir'd by an impure flame,  
 No mettle has but gracious Heav'n to blame.  
 His sacrilegious thoughts their *Maker* scorn,  
 Cursing that hand, which did his mind adorn.  
 Heav'n's! such a vain, such a rebellious wit,  
 High-treason 'gainst th' al-mighty, does commit.  
 He's like the Fav'rite to a gen'rous king,  
 From whom proceed his wealth and ev'ry thing,  
 Who yet does treach'rously his store imploy  
 His masters grandeur basely to destroy,  
 To raise commotions 'gainst that Benefactor,  
 Who made him great, and proyd his kind Pro-  
 rector.  
 Ye monstrous rebels 'gainst th' eternal throne!



Ye base abusers of what's not your own;  
Do you not know your selves by this simile?  
And are you not more offensively vile?  
Would you were not, o, ye, *Morgan, Woolston,*  
*Hume, Gordon, Tindal, Collings, Middleton, (\*)*  
*Helvetius, de Maillet, de la Mettrie.*  
And who can tell your wicked Mutiny?

Thou great, yet mean, humble yet proud

*Rousseau.*

I hate and pity thee as Heav'n's worst Foe

Thy noble talents and thy Lovely mind,

Basely abus'd, hardly will pardon find:

*Benath*

(\*) Mr. Hume and Mr. Middleton without doubt are the only of these men, whom one would have me talk of in an other manner. Mr. Hume verily has distinguish'd him self by a great many elegant historical and Political works, and therefore he is to be praised; but as Philosopher he is very much to be blam'd. A man of his parts, ought not to have incur'd the Licentiousness of dull Libertines, as in his *essay on Human understanding*, particularly in that on miracles, publish'd in the year 1748. Middleton, tho' excellent Author, yet has shewn himself, upon the same point, with the former no less an open enemy to the Gospel. All his works were publish'd in four volumes at London 1752. Mr. Adams has written a very instructive treatise against Hume. *Essay on Mr. Humes Essay on miracles* Lond. 1752. 8:0.

Beneath the flowers of thy enchanting style,  
 Do wriggling snakes most maliciously smile,  
 Canst thou be honour'd if the world would drink  
 Thy murderous milk and to perdition sink?  
 Men ought to fear heav'n's subjects to seduce,  
 And learn betimes wisely their souls to use.

Unhappy those, whom Heav'n has giv'n  
 Much wit,

If, then, not taught, by heav'n, to govern it.

God o'er the soul should unlimited sway,

As Bodies shall th'immortal soul obey.

Yours in whose minds great sparks of wisdom

dwell

Let your ambition be to purpore well,

Love folly not by being singular;

Better humbly not know than boldly err.

Collogued with fancies of a great renown,

High-sighted wits but rise to tumble down.

Moral Philosophy, how sweet, how dear,

When study'd by a wise respectful fear?

Nature

Nature and revelation's all she loves;

Nature and revelation's all she proves.

God be thank'd num'rous are the zealous men,

That our religion's purty do sustain.

They are to known, I need not tell them all:

How many *Tiara's*, one rev'rend *Pall*

Are worn by men, whose learnings and whose

ways

Will be rewarded by eternal Bays?

O! when those heav'n's sweet Ministers do preach,

And to belive the world, by reason reach,

How does their voice, strong as the northern winds

Sweep off the blastments from all maimed minds?

Here, at their feet ly rash objections dead,

There, startled vice before their faith is fled.

Using their learning but for holy ends,

They are both reason's and Religions friends

And at this time when libertines grow strong,

(These cursed weeds, gon of hell's har-beds

To p[ro]p[er]ly sprung)

Yet

Yet in our Land, true Moral ev'ry where  
As frequent is as heretical rare.

But what a swarm of critics now arise?  
Their zealous accents mumble through the skies.  
„Ah! tis not true, they cry out, tis not true:  
„Here virtue's friends were never found to few,  
You are in the right: why then this heavy do?

You talk of Practice, I of Theory:

Our crimes I never thought to justify.

A heathen vice is bad, a Christian worse,

That of a knowing Christian's highest curse.

As for the *Doctrine* let us yet confess,

That impious Books here ne'er do stain the press,

Impiety nor daring view the Day,

Where a religious king does wisely sway.

So *Poetry* when religiously mov'd,

As a bright Angel ought to be ador'd,

God's imagination gave the Power

To penetrate where nothing else may soar.



This is the universal Faculty,  
 The privileged soul of Poetry,  
 By which she is creating, brighting most  
 And, as it were, may Gods resemblance boast  
 Shes upon earth th' eternals sweet cherube,  
 Going as far as heavn, deep as *Erubescit*  
 The stary sky can not restrain her flight,  
 Nothing is absent from her piercing sight,  
 Heavns gates she opens with a daring hand,  
 And clearly views th' immortal holy land,  
 She does traverse the black *Abyss* below,  
 Where dwells mankind's end, Gods eternal foe,  
 And drawing heavns sweet bliss, hells fell  
 Damnation,  
 For that she suggests love, for this Aversion.

HAPPY indeed, that land, whose pious Bards  
 Do praise th' almighty and his high rewards,  
 They may correct the general character,  
 And, for heavns songs, our minds, justly, prepare.  
 Ye worthy souls, who, in this country, live

And, as a poem, call it: *In Religion.*



And, our mov'd hearts, to God, with rapture,

The p'bring, of love, to God,

Follow th' examples of these virtue's friends,

Whose songs, with yours, have the same noble ends.

Ah! when sweet *Racine* strongly sings of God, (3)

How makes he startle ev'ry Drop of Blood,

And peep forth, at each pore, with ecstasy,

As 'twere to look into Eternity,

Hear the reflecting and religious *Young*,

To Death it self, he gives, both soul and tongue,

In dreadful silence, in the Dead of Night,

He makes appear beams of heav'n's glorious light,

He boldly takes the barefaced vice to talk,

Who at his door has dropt her treacherous

mask;

Before her Vanquisher not daring tread,

But basely dress'd and with her native head,

Behold the great, the matchless *Posgnac*,

Whose genius has what heathen Romans lack

Gods divine attributes he divin'ly draws:

---

But *Racine*, a poem, called: *La Religion*.

Calling him, omnipotent, rule, and cause  
Of all, that is, light of our very mind,  
The virtue, reason, ruler of mankind. (\*)  
He, heav'n's base foes, to combat, boldly dares,  
And godlike strength, in all his bouts appears.  
Hear the sweet sounds of Cowley's charming lyre,  
Th' are eccho'd by the universe inire;  
He touch'd its strings, and the world raptur'd stood,  
Songs are abus'd, when not us'd to praise God.

Alas, grant heav'n, our Country's Bard  
may soon  
These gloomy parts, where ne'er was seen a sun  
I shudder at this thought: what's Poetry,  
When Majestick, oh, but in Blasphemy?  
What is she? there's no Name to harshen hell,  
That can express a thing so deeply fell.  
Yet she is graceful to the impious throng:  
Ay, 'tis a goddess, but with Serpent tongue,  
Black

B 2

A

(\*) Te, causa et regula mundi,  
Omnipotens, æterna Dei sapientia, virtus  
Et mens, et Ratio, vitæ Dux optima nostræ  
Ipse Lux animi, Anni-Lucret. L. I.

A tongue in venom'd, murderous to the soul,  
Deep-dipt in honey, but to prove more foul.

Ye baptiz'd infidels! *Seraphs* of hell.

*Seraphs*; this Name, doubtless, will please you well.

Yet doubly damn'd in it: diabolick

Twice are your hearts, when reason's *seraphick*.

How many such licentious, wicked wights,

Here, could I tell, who by their brain-sick flights,

Have spread their soul's contagion ev'ry where,

'Mongst whom I could name thee, fustom *Voltaire*,

What impious stuff from thy foul pen does flow,

Great Poet, a greater libertine! and thou,

Lewd *Rochester*! man's impious priest

Why, without reason were thou not a beast?

Nature with speech furnish'd no brutish frame,

Lest gross sensations should receive a Name;

Why these obscenities, when sung by men,

Black, signs of hell does chaunt the dregs of men.

A

B

And now *at Philosophy*, what art thou,

When opposite to the kind power above?

What

What

What art thou, but a restless labourer,  
Who thro' the guts of Earth dost rashly err,  
As 'twere to examine what pebbles grow  
Upon man's way to the fell deep below.  
The flowers thou studiest can no lessons give;  
Nature no tongue, and mankind has no life;  
No life! ay, none. For human life what is't  
If not by everlasting pleasure bless'd?

What art thou useful, bright *Astronomy*  
If only us'd for vain curiosity?  
If us'd, Alas, to find out arguments  
Against high heav'n's great Creator's Intents;  
To prove the world self-moving infinite;  
Sith thy dim eye does not its mover meet.  
Thy Tubes, thy Glasses, all thy instruments,  
To christian souls are but damn'd enchantments.

Thy daughter *Navigation* follows thee,  
And if she won't heav'n's humble subject be,  
Soon, by her skill, she proves a fairy Queen.

Mermaidlike sov'reign o'er the wavy scée,

B. Cor.



Corrupting man; Experience justly weigh'd  
Confirms; too often, what the satyr said. (\*)

'Tis wond'rous yet, heav'n's scourge men do  
Not fear;

'Gainst dangers familiar bold swords they wear,  
Let th' ocean foam; let all the winds conjure,

Oats are opposed by a fierce *climature*,  
If ne'er he learnt his reason rightly use;

And for its helm Religions wisdom chuse,  
'Tis less to guide a ship save to the shore,

Than to save reason 'mongst our passions roar.

This useful Art how is it still abus'd,  
When in our hearts religion's not insus'd?

Oft 'tis employ'd men's vanity to make,  
And always but to lay men's Lives at stake.

Methinks I see some floating worlds afar,  
Furnish'd with every instrument of war;

They rush together; breathing flashes of light,  
As

---

(\*) The *wonder world*, where the Authour tells  
ing of a man of war says, that it is an Academy of the  
seven liberal arts: swearing, whoring, lying, etc.

As if some dreadful Comets were at sight  
Fire, thunder, death, rage, fury ev'rywhere  
Fill the sad scene, and ran the frowning air  
Here men, like ducks, seem dive, at their surpris  
Yet, ne'er but on th' immortal sea, to rise;  
There vessels to the upper air do start,  
As, with their grosser Element, to part  
Yet coming thither, they, like rockets burst,  
As nearest heav'n's sweet face th' were deepest curst.  
Now, their sad Remnants strew the mournful plain,  
Hands, heads, arms, legs do cover all the main.  
O, wicked firement! changing into blood  
The wounded waters of a howling flood.  
But why this broil? To save an injur'd state?  
No, oft 'tis pride, or greediness, or hate,  
That prove the heads of such contending hosts;  
And doing ill, man his good cause yet boasts.

This fight so fill'd with cruelty and aw,  
From my remembrance, hardly does withdraw,  
Before an other haunts my fancy's eye,

And

B 4

Which

Which now does other floating castles spy;  
 Who reach the harbour, and the joys so great,  
 As if one had immortal treasures gen.  
 Their silken streamers triumph in the air,  
 Shouts charm the continents rejoicing ear.  
 Citizens stand saluting on the shore,  
 Spreading their arms to grasp the welcome store.  
 Soon after, out of ev'ry other house,  
 The hoarse voices, I hear of swagging rowse,  
 The streets with drunkards reeling now I see;  
 Now throng with cockcombs filken Cap a Pe.  
 I ask the reason of this strange event;  
 These wassels why? why this gaudy raiment,  
 Ayt 'tis repl'd: our ships are in the port,  
 "Loaded with wine, and stuffs of ev'ry sort.  
 Is then this Art found out for lobs and fops?  
 Do the winds blow to furnish vicious Thops?  
 And the moist star is the a taper-made,  
 But to light fools in their unat'ral trade? (deap,  
 When 'gainst heav'n's will men try the dangerous  
 No wonder if, by sea, front heav'n, the leap.  
 And

And so pernicious ev'ry Science is  
 If opposite to men's immortal bliss;  
 Thro' a vile king, for monstrous ends they are  
 Taught, learn'd, practis'd; and but heav'n's  
 Discourge prepare.

ABHORRENCE follows the cumenian Lord; (\*)  
 Who gainst good breeding kept a faithful ward,  
 Seeking no greater triumph in his Land,  
 Than stabbing virtue with his proper hand:  
 He conquer'd nature by unnatural laws,  
 Lewdness his scope, pleasure and command was,  
 Being by foolish poltrick misled,  
 He wish'd his men but woman-spirited;  
 In wanton disports youth was basely wont,  
 And ev'ry vice did their weak bosoms haunt.  
 Lets' pity them; but thank heav'n's gracious care,  
 That in this point most fortunate we are,  
 And, faith! will e'er our thinking find a state,  
 So much as Sweden to congratulate.

B 5

What

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 (\*) Aristodemus.



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What happineſſ greater, than that indeed  
Of a wiſe king, whoſe pious heart does bleed,  
For virtues ſake; and who had ne'er a ſword  
But to chaſtiſe the irreligious herd?  
If publickly vice here will raiſe her head?  
Our Lord ſtrait at his feet will ſee her dead,  
For to heav'n's foes only he proves a foe,  
Suffering but, that thoſe may ſuffer woe,  
To make us knowing is his holy care;  
Yet thinks it beſt that we religious are.  
Our Universities, nay, ev'ry ſchool  
Do loudly witneſſ of his hallow'd ſoul,

Here, this illuſtrious work-houſe of the Arts,  
To our dear KING ſhall offer humble hearts,  
Its ROYAL FOUNDERS Name ſhall be expreſſ'd,  
As long as Sciences and tongues exiſt:  
Ay, here, ſhall e'er great ADOLPH FREDT  
, and RICK be,  
Ingrav'n in ev'ry heart and memory.  
O! may this youth, more privileged Sip

The *hony-Dew* of his protectorship,

Their Royal Master's goodnest makes them good,

Their hearts grow meek and peaceful grows

their blood.

'Tis true the horrid Sciences of war,

Here a main object of our lessons are;

Yet duly taught and practic'd, what are these?

Nothing, but happy instruments of peace.

Th'are learn'd to murder war, not to revive;

And to keep peace within our skirts alive.

A sword is damn'd, when to a devil giv'n,

In th' hand of angels 'tis defending heav'n.

Most worthy King! Such are the dear effects

Of what Thy soul here form'd and still protects,

And as Thy soul makes prosper ev'ry place,

So ev'ry soul Thy cares shall ever praise.

Peoples to come, in the last link of hours,

Seem bleeding in thy these sweet years of ours,

Wishing, without an End Thy like to find,

O, matchless MONARCH, and matchlessly kind!

Yet distress'd time! Thou failest, thy bliss I view;

Our King's eternal in his bright Issue;

But King of Kings, Monarch of worlds

should not

unknown:

That gives to kings below their life and crown,

That in th' unfathom'd, bright eternity

Frames all what was, what is, and what shall be;

Pour down, if we may beg, from life's deep

spring,

A more extended beam on our dear KING.

Thou, that gavest him be better than the rest,

Give his most lov'd existance longer last;

Keep his whole age from all disasters free,

And but Contentments all his moments be.

His hours be lucky as his moment is;

His years be numbers of unnumbred bliss.

He and his realms are bless'd by thy same hand:

If he prove sick, then sick is our whole land;

If he prove sorry, sorrow straight does fill

The gen'ral face: the Nations heart is ill.

Let his dear QUEEN, whose worth does paragon  
 What worlds can say, what e'er by Art was done,  
 Let HER live, heav'n! Her talents made  
 The heavy burden of his reign must ease  
 ULRICA'S soul how kind? How bright her parts?  
 Still worth more love, than in this state are hearts.  
 Ev'n Sciences, charm'd with her high renown  
 With her perpetual on the Swedish Throne  
 For she to Arts and subjects e'er has been  
 No less a mother than a bounteous Queen  
 Protect HER, heav'n, with thy propitious Arm,  
 Keep HER still unharm'd against every harm  
 Ev'n on the Royal Issue, heav'n let  
 show  
 Streams of most lasting joy and Royal power,  
 Our wishes without this prove daunted still;  
 This granted too can all our wishes fill.  
 These precious Jewels of our country, heav'n,  
 Which to our weal Thy passing grace has giv'n



Conserve. Conserve PRINCE GUSTAVE Swe-

dens hope,

Hold him up, lest our state in time may slope.

His soul is great, his heart is nobly just;

In such a PRINCE can Peoples put their trust;

and heav'n be thank'd, in him we clearly

find

His Royal Father's sweet and gracious mind,

Like a majestick Tree of the *Hesperides*,

That at its side an august tendrel spreads,

Whose pit's the same, the same its products

are;

For nought, but golden spels, does appear.

Conserve PRINCE CHARLES: Thine an-

gels holy care

Guard him at ev'ry time and ev'ry where.

Let our kings Navy thro' his high command,

Inlarge its power, victoriously contend,

When war at sea, I shall protect peace at land,

Let to this Admirall's real case

Its

Its Lord-high-Admiral live and increase.

Let Charles's revive in him, with their great

Name,

And such as theirs has been be his large fame.

Conserve PRINCE FREDRICK; let him live

to prove

A worthy object of whole Nation's love.

To merit love is greatest Character;

Those are not great who do but merit fear.

And in this world, no dearer pleasure is,

Than that of making mankind's happy.

Conserve the ROYAL PRINCESS, powerful

God!

In HER, what Nature could, is richly shew'd.

Ev'n with all Princely Qualities she's stor'd,

That grace, and Education can afford.

Avert from her each hurtful accident.

Health, Pleasure, Grandeur, ev'ry content-

ment

Be

32 a Poetical Discourse on Sciences.

Be Her Companions. And let her receive  
What virtue, Beauty, Merit, ought to give I

May the whole Royal Family be bless'd,  
With endless pleasures, ne'er to be express'd

And when our King goes from our sphere  
away

Kings sprung from Him, like Him, let ever

sway

Those are not great who do but merit

And in this world, no greater pleasure is

Than the

Commend

good

In Her, what Nature could, is richly show'd

Ev'n with all Princely Qualities she's stor'd

True grace, and Education can afford

Avert from her each harmful accident

Health, Wealth, Grandeur, every comfort

them

Be

